

Abb. I Sir, a Mifterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Mifterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, vsing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Mifterie.

Clo. Prooue.

Abb. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiveness.

Pro. You sirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde me yare. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:

Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other, Being a Murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death, 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour, When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones, He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare your selfe. But hark, what noise? Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by, I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night, Inuollop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell*?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't belong.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:

He doth with holie abstinence subdue That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous, But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come, This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men:

How now? what noise? That spirit's posset with haist, That wounds th'vnisting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay vntil the Officer

Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?

But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is, You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know: yet I beleeeue there comes No countermand: no such example haue we: Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice, Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike care Proffest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you sweue not from the smallest Article of it, Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,

For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,

That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let *Claudio* be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone *Barnardine*: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue *Claudio's* head sent me by sine. Let this be duly performed without thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer. Thus saile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred, One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeues for him: And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull prooue.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison? How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, careless, weaklesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I craue but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the houre limited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide,

Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed;

And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath seene them both,

And will discouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it; Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke aouch the iustice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Scale of the Duke: you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris

Over-dons owne house. Customers. First, hee commoditie of brown score and seuteene p Markes readie money much in request, for Then is there heere on Three-Pile the Mercer, colour'd Satten, which Then haue we heere, y vow, and Mr Copperpier and dagger man, a stie Pudding, and Mr Shootie the great Trauel stab'd Potts, and I thin our Trade, and are now

Enter
Abb. Sirrah, bring
Clo. Mr *Barnardine*,
Mr *Barnardine*.

Abb. What hoa *Barnardine*?

Bar.

Bar. A pox o' your

there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Si

You must be so good Si

Bar. Away you Rog

Abb. Tell him he m

And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master *B*

ecuted, and sleepe after

Ab. Go in to him, a

Clo. He is coming

Straw ruffle.

Enter B

Abb. Is the Axe vpo

Clo. Verie readie Sir,

Bar. How now *Abb*

What's the newes with

Abb. Truly Sir, I wo

prayers: for looke you,

Bar. You Rogue, I b

I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better S

and is hanged betimes in

founder all the next day.

Enter

Abb. Looke you Sir,

ther: do weiest now thi

Duke. Sir, induced by

hastily you are to depart

Comfort you, and pray w

Bar. Friar, not I: I ha

and I will haue more tim

beat out my braines with

die this day, that's certai

Duke. Oh sir, you mu

Looke forward on the io

Bar. I sweare I will no

swafion.

Duke. But heare you

Bar. Not a word; if yo

come to my Ward: for t

Duke. Vnfit to liue, o